

The Critic

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Published weekly, at Nos. 18 & 20 Astor Place, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, 18 and 20 Astor Place. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.

"The Book Annexed."

THE question of liturgical revision is a literary question, although not primarily so. To say that if the literary question were the chief one in the case there would be no question at all, at least so far as the Protestant Episcopal Church is concerned, sounds paradoxical, but will hardly be doubted. The literary spirit is conservative. An author may strike out in a new and startling line of literary creation or manufacture, but the literary spirit, if he has it, will keep him from hammering over into novel forms the literary products of the fathers. Relics made of base metal it will not be worth his while to touch, and those of gold will be to him too precious to change, though he may never imitate them. Wagner revered Beethoven: in the same way, the literary spirit would defend the treasures which are its inheritance, and preserve a whole museum-full, under glass.

When the literary spirit is tempered by religious sentiment, without being controlled by religious zeal, it is more conservative than ever. No revision of either Bible-version or Prayer Book would have been undertaken in our day, if all consideration of the subject had been from the literary stand-point. As a literary matter, such a revision would never have been even thought of. This relieves literature from direct responsibility for an act which, following its impulse, it might call vandalism; and at the same time bids it check that impulse, and let the change be judged in view of all the interests concerned. If change is demanded for practical ends, involving truth and character, literature must take these fairly into the account, before trying to interpose its veto. Even literature would confess that life is more than letters, and the book-lover who should let his child burn to save his library would not be acquitted by the moral judgment of his brethren of the guild. In like manner, if men need a new Bible-translation, or an expanded liturgy, to help them to be wiser and better, literary reluctance cannot be allowed to have the last word. Accordingly, the Protestant Episcopal Church—than which no ecclesiastical body contains more men of generous culture and literary sensitiveness—has not, on the whole, regarded the question of revising its Prayer Book as a matter of taste, but as one to be answered in the affirmative or negative on grounds of grave practical moment. The most that has avowedly been yielded to literary taste has been a supervision of such alterations as the welfare of the Church might seem to require, and on this supervision most of the strongest advocates of change have insisted as earnestly as those who were only ready to admit, and that grudgingly, that change might have to come. The censors of literature will perhaps have to be contented with this degree of power. The direct influence thus gained is, indeed, a good deal, and it makes them invaluable as allies. Some of the sharpest criticisms upon 'The Book Annexed' to the Report of the Joint Committee on the Book of Common Prayer' have been directed against literary defects; attention has been called to stores

of liturgical material which the Committee have not utilized, to unfortunate selections actually made by them, and to blemishes in emendations of their own contriving. As far as these criticisms proved themselves just, they might have been silenced by modifying 'The Book Annexed.' But these objections served as a rampart, protecting in their assaults some other adversaries of the new book.

The rather moderate changes proposed found two distinct classes of opponents: those for whom the changes were too many, and those for whom they were too few and small. The former have been governed by a conservatism that took refuge behind the literary criticisms, magnified historical continuity, feared to be separated more widely from the English Church than political and local causes had already separated them, and sought postponement, and conference with the English ecclesiastics. The latter were not contented to have the fence of their field moved out a little: they wanted liberty to get away from the field now and then, a discretion as to liturgical use which the order-loving Bishops had a few years ago definitely expressed their inability to concede. In the constant presence of these opposing forces, the advocates of the changes proposed—and particularly Dr. Huntington, of Grace Church in this city—have argued the matter with great energy, parliamentary skill and geniality of temper. At the hour of writing, the whole subject is pending before the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Chicago, in the form of a report from a new Joint Committee of Bishops, ministers and laymen, to whom the question, in general and in particular, had been referred. Before these lines are read, it may be decided—how, we do not predict.

Of some three main forms of argument in favor of revision along the lines proposed, only one can be pressed over against all objectors—that which aims at increased efficiency of church work, at more varied services, at greater adaptability to the demand for simplicity and directness that come from mission enterprises, and at an enlarged acquaintance, on the part of congregations, with the liturgical treasures of the Church. A second and subsidiary argument—namely, that the 'Broad Church' brethren, instead of assuming to decide for themselves how strictly or loosely they may deal with the Prayer Book, will gain respect for it when it, itself, gives them at least a part of the freedom they desire, may have some force, but not a very great deal. What is offered in 'The Book Annexed,' while considerable, is so much less than they want, that they at least cannot be expected to favor the proposed changes as a fair substitute for the practical independence of authority in this matter which some of them desire. Nor does the third line of argument chosen commend itself in its full extent to the sober judgment of the disinterested. It is claimed that the enriched Prayer Book will promote Christian unity in this country by affording a basis of common worship on which churches now separated can meet as one. Any such expectation, if it contemplates organic union, is illusory. The great non-liturgical churches of the United States will not, unless in the lifetime of men not yet born, join anything which involves a compulsory liturgy. There is a good deal of liturgical interest among them just now, but they are for the most part quite too much accustomed to local option in their form of worship, to take up with a particular liturgy that may not be deviated from or abandoned at will. This may seem wilful and disorderly, but it is undoubtedly true. It might be that a local church of their number, here and there, if it were made quite clear that this would not be thought impertinent by the Episcopal body, would adopt the revised Prayer Book as the habitual form of their worship. Even this, however, is extremely doubtful. Only as testifying of readiness to adapt means to ends, and to institute flexibility for rigidity, could the new book work much toward external Christian union. The strong and ample argument in favor of revision is, that it will make the Protestant Episcopal Church itself more effective for good in its work among men.

Reviews

Miss Thomas's "Round Year."*

OF THE delightful school of American writers on rural and pastoral themes, Miss Thomas is perhaps the brightest ornament. The equal of her colleagues in sympathy with nature and in accuracy of observation, she adds to these qualities a sparkling, poetic fancy, which is all her own. Dulness is as impossible to her as darkness to a sunbeam: she could not be commonplace if she would. Not a page in this little volume of sketches but thrills and flashes in protean scintillations of light and color, as of sunshine imprisoned in a crystal flask. Miss Thomas's vocabulary is remarkable for its richness and variety, and the wide range of her reading is approved by many a winged allusion or apt quotation. Indeed, her one besetting peril is a tendency to superfluity; now and again some phrase of hers has a palpable smack of euphuism: we lose the smell of the woods in the scent of the poet's gloves. But the sympathetic charm which flows through all Miss Thomas's writings carries everything before it. Did the birds and bees and flowers need an interpreter, an advocate to plead their cause with mankind, their choice would assuredly fall upon her. And indeed she might well claim kinship with all of these; she sees with their eyes, sings with their own free voice, feels with a sense fine as their own. Civilization, instead of alienating, has brought her nearer to them; her social arts have enabled her to 'draw them out'; her honeyed flattery wins their simple hearts. The nuthatch descending his tree with downward head, the soft aboriginal field-mouse, the saucy full-faced chipmunk, the cynic shambling crow—she has a word and a smile for each. Yet withal she has not lost touch of her native kind, nor forgotten the ring of a human laugh, as her paper entitled 'The Return of a Native' may witness.

But now the black demon who sits at every critic's ear lets drop an insidious suggestion. 'The Round Year's' pace is killing, he says. As with so many of our post-Emersonian essayists, here is an excess of vivacity, a lack of repose; the nervous energy so characteristic of the race needs chastening at the hand of art. We miss the broken lights, the 'dying falls'; at times we are almost tempted to cry 'Prithee weep, May Lilian!'—which would argue the basest ingratitude towards a charming and accomplished hostess. But after reading some exquisite chapter like that entitled 'Along an Island Beach' the critic is disarmed, bewitched, enthralled; even to have hinted a fault seems to him a crime deserving the fate of Midas, of Marsyas himself—ay, meriting even the forfeiture of his copies of 'A New Year's Masque' and 'The Round Year.' Trembling, he hastens to recant and to join the chorus of applause that awaits the author.

"Meditations of a Parish Priest."†

'How few original beings there are who are individual and worth the trouble of listening to!' says Amiel. One of these rare creatures Paul Mariéton claims to have discovered in a remote country town in Southern France, and has introduced him to the Parisian world through a volume of his 'Thoughts.' From the third edition Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has made an English version which she labels with the less hackneyed title, 'Meditations of a Parish Priest.' The author, Joseph Roux, is a man past fifty, classically educated, and with decided literary proclivities, as his voluminous manuscripts attest; but for twenty-five years living in isolation among a hard and uncultivated people, for whom he has performed the monotonous duties of a Catholic priest. One section of his 'Thoughts' is devoted to the country and the peasants, for which and whom he seems to have a feeling akin to contempt. 'The peasant loves nothing and nobody except for the use he can make of him.'

'Every countryman who learns to read and write, renounces the country in his heart.' 'Peasants are caught by the mouth, like fish.' 'A peasant is a man very much as a block of marble is a statue.' 'That the country is admirable is certain; that you would like to reside there is possible; but that it is good to live there is open to debate.' Such, and even more severe, are the utterances called forth by his surroundings. He evidently thinks that the most delightful prospect in the country is that of the highway which leads to Paris, and that the only peasant of any account is the one who—if this were among the possibilities—can most easily be transformed into a city gentleman. But his meditations are by no means confined to the petty and distasteful world around him. They take a wide range, touching upon literature, oratory, mind, character, joy, suffering, the family, life, death, the future, love, friendship, religion, and other topics akin to these. He defines poetry as 'the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions.' 'Shakspeare is an ocean, Addison an aquarium.' Goethe 'a German drinking-cup engraved at Corinth.' St. Simon 'scrupulous to the point of asking himself whether he has been slanderous enough.' 'Poetry is truth in its Sunday clothes.' 'We love justice greatly and just men but little.' 'Our experience is composed rather of illusions lost, than of wisdom acquired.' 'I look at what I have not, and think myself unhappy; others look at what I have, and think me happy.' 'There are people who laugh to show their fine teeth; and there are those who cry to show their good hearts.' These citations partially indicate the nature of the book, which is a reflex of the varying moods of the author, now sparkling with wit, anon tinged with melancholy. While perhaps not so brilliant as many works of the sort, there is much in the volume to arrest attention, and suggest profitable trains of thought. What a sermon in this sentence, which has universal application! 'The peasant dies of hunger all his life that he may have something to live on after his death.'

"Actors and Actresses." Vol. III.*

'MEANWHILE we make ourselves happy among the Wits and the Players;' particularly so in the last two volumes of Messrs. Matthews and Hutton's admirable series, which treat of the famous Siddons group, and of Edmund Kean, John Howard Payne, Wallack, Junius Brutus Booth, Charles James Matthews, Fanny Kemble, John Brougham and several lesser stars. Edwin Booth occupies the seat of honor in this symposium, and writes with insight and eloquence of Kean and his own father, J. B. Booth. The general method of the series is pursued—namely, a skeleton life of each artist is given, and the details are abundantly filled in, afterwards, from contemporary chronicles. Among the latter the memoirs of Crabb Robinson, the criticisms of George Henry Lewes, the chatty Autobiography of Fanny Kemble, and the writings of Barry Cornwall, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, Lady Martin, Washington Irving, Lord Byron, George Vandenhoff, N. M. Ludlow and Asia Booth Clarke are copiously drawn on. The three volumes so far form a handy encyclopædia invaluable to the theatre-goer—a consensus of opinion priceless to the man of studious habits who has not the time to hunt up the opinions of celebrated critics for himself, even if he possessed the dramatic library to take them from. Misprints are rare in this excellent work, though we notice *grab* for *garb* on page 122. This is a true portrait-gallery filled with striking likenesses and strong physiognomies, noticeable among which are those of Fanny Kemble, Kean and Booth. The wayward children of dramatic genius form the strangest, most delightful company: ever in debt, like Charles James Matthews; ever the children of caprice and fantasy, like Fanny Kemble; full of interpretative flashes of lightning, like Edmund Kean; brimming over with loving-kindness and

* The Round Year. By Edith M. Thomas. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Meditations of a Parish Priest. Thoughts of Joseph Roux, translated by I. F. Hapgood. \$1.25. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

* Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States, from the Days of Garrick to the Present Time. Edited by Bradner Matthews and Laurence Hutton. Vol. III. Kean and Booth, and their Contemporaries. \$1.50. Cassell & Co.

tender mercy, like the elder Booth; helpful, freakish, full of fun and *espèglerie* all the time. In them one sees how perilously near great genius is to madness: a spark of light tangled in a high-strung organization, ready at any moment to flash and ignite even more than to warm and illumine. Actors and singers are people of volcanic surprises and susceptibilities.

In the book before us Edwin Booth gives an excellent and sympathetic account of his father's gifts and eccentricities, always filially guarded and circumspect. It is rather remarkable, in the brief memoir of John Howard Payne, to find no mention made of his famous poem 'Home, Sweet Home,' though his authorship of it is incidentally mentioned in the anecdotes that follow the memoir. Many myths that have gathered barnacle-like round Payne and his career are mercilessly exposed and surgically operated upon in this notice. He started as an Infant Phenomenon in New York, ran an extraordinary career as playwright, actor and opera-writer in London, and ended as a consul at Tunis. As to Fanny Kemble, and the musical and histrionic *epigoni* of the family, the lady herself has abundantly informed us in her *Atlantic* memoirs. Here, all that is done is to outline a life and gather opinions and anecdotes into a judicious and summary form from various additional sources, for the construction of an opinion. If the authors and editors of these volumes could see their way to a series embracing the French and German stage, and the great opera-singers of all nationalities, they would be performing a task no less grateful to the public than delightful and instructive to the stay-at-home lovers and readers of the drama.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy."*

'LITTLE Lord Fauntleroy' is already too well known and too much admired to need further words of introduction; but it is a pleasure to dwell with emphasis upon anything so perfect of its kind, and we gladly seize the opportunity of noticing in its graceful book form the beautiful story, with its admirable illustrations, which has so delighted everybody in the pages of *St. Nicholas*. One hardly knows which to congratulate most: the successful author, the fortunate publishers, or the happy readers. The story is a culminating type of the style of literature for children which editorial skill has done much to create as well as to encourage. It is piquant, amusing, instructive, beautiful, and not unnatural; and it has an excellent though unobtrusive moral. While not written above the children's heads, its literary quality is something which the children can not wholly appreciate. There is, therefore, no one whom 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' will not please. The child of six will listen with delight to the pretty story, and the man of sixty will not regret being called upon to read it aloud to the six-year-old. It is full of touches that betray an insight into human nature like Hans Andersen's or the Autocrat's. Such is the capital way in which Mr. Hobbs's prejudice against earls is overcome as soon as he is able to associate with them in even the mildest way. These, of course, will not be wholly appreciated by the very youthful readers; but neither will they frighten them away from the rest of the dainty story of a little fellow making his way in life by simple loveliness and loveliness.

Minor Notices.

NOTHING in recent American history more curiously recalls the exploits of the adventurers of the Sixteenth Century than does the career of William Walker in Nicaragua. Walker thought himself a Napoleon; he was, in fact, a sort of compound of John Brown, Jesse James and the Mahdi. The story of 'The Filibuster War in Nicaragua' was well worth adding to the shelves devoted to American history; and Gen. C. W. Doubleday's work of that title is welcome (Putnam). The author writes breezily, entertainingly, and in fair literary style, with a recognition of his own youthful

foolishness in Nicaragua, as well as of Walker's, and yet with somewhat of the admiration for the great filibuster which Joaquin Miller shows in his well-known poem on the same theme.—In her 'Lives of Girls Who Became Famous' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) Sarah K. Bolton has written a series of sketches of nineteen of the women whose work in the world has been worthy of record. It is a book to encourage and inspire girls, and to make them capable of living more helpful lives. Each biography is accompanied with an excellent portrait. The list of women here sketched in outline includes the names of Madame de Staël, Rosa Bonheur, George Eliot, and Mrs. Browning. Among our own countrywomen are Mrs. Stowe, 'H. H.' Mrs. Livermore, Margaret Fuller, Miss Alcott and Maria Mitchell. The biographies are brief, but they are interesting and well adapted to instruct and quicken those for whom they are written. The book is one which may well be placed in the library of every young woman of from fifteen to twenty years of age.

'OUR COUNTRY: Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis,' by the Rev. Josiah Strong (Baker & Taylor), is a book of facts and arguments tending on the one hand to fire the American heart with a glowing consideration of the vastness and unbounded resources of our national domain, and on the other hand to depress the patriot by its sombre array of the dangers threatening us as a people. Our millions of fertile acres, our inexhaustible mineral wealth, our facilities for manufacturing, and especially the immense extent and productivity of our Western territory, all point to a future of wonderful growth and power. But clouds are gathering upon the horizon, ominous of political and social disaster. Immigration, so detrimental to popular morals; Romanism, hostile to our free institutions, and quietly aiming at supremacy; Mormonism, whose real strength is not polygamy but ecclesiastical despotism; intemperance, more prevalent and hurtful as civilization advances; the liquor power, so well organized, and so successful in manipulating voters and law-makers; socialism, based upon individualism, skepticism, discontent, improvidence and false theories of equality; wealth, tending to mammonism, aristocracy, materialism, luxury and aggressiveness—these are the perils which the author describes as imminent. How they threaten the great West especially, and how they may be counteracted, are also set forth. The timeliness of the book commends it to thoughtful Americans.

OUR 'Summer Gardener,' 'Back-log Student,' 'Saunterer,' Nile voyager, 'Roundabout' tourist, and more recent 'Pilgrim' to the home shrines of fashion and folly, now turns up where one would least expect to find him, as compiler of a volume of declamation for the use of colleges and schools. This 'Book of Eloquence' (Lee & Shepard) differs from most 'speakers' in one or two respects. Three-fourths of the selections are prose, and these are almost entirely of a political cast. There are no dialogues or dramatic scenes. The extracts are classified as American eloquence (166 pieces) and European eloquence (89). Mr. Warner, it is superfluous to say, has shown excellent taste in his selections, introducing many capital new ones, while not omitting the best of the old-time favorites. The single fault of the book is that it has no index, the omission necessitating a search through some 400 titles to find the one desired.

EMMA ENDICOTT MAREAN issues in a small pamphlet entitled 'Unity Clubs' (Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.) some practical suggestions for the management of church societies for mingled amusement and instruction.—THE Misses Wenckebach of Wellesley College have issued a neat little collection of 'Die schönsten deutschen Lieder' (Christern). It includes ballads, *volkslieder* and sacred songs, and selections from the dramas of Goethe, Schiller, and Lessing. With many of the songs and hymns the piano accompaniments are given.—L. SCHICK of Chicago continues his commendable experiment in issuing, after the manner of Cassell's Select Library, a regular series of collections from modern German literature. One of the little pamphlets appears every three weeks, at a cost of 20 cts. a number, or \$3 a year. The idea is an excellent one, not only in providing cheap reading for our large German population, but in offering to German students something besides 'William Tell' and 'The Maid of Orleans,' which are classic and beautiful, but are often all that a pupil ever attempts to read in the strange tongue.—THE PURPOSE of 'A Pronouncing and Spelling Dictionary of the English Language: The Words alphabetically arranged according to Noah Webster's Pronunciation. For schools and families,' by C. W. Knudsen and others, is thus stated in the 'Preface': 'This little book is intended to supply a want often felt by English speaking people, who have no the pronunciation and meaning of

* Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. \$2.00. Illustrated by R. R. Birch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

words, bot ar not familar with the comon speling.' The number of persons who have been pining for just such a manual as this is immense. At least the compiler asserts that nine-tenths of those who consult a dictionary do so to find the spelling of words, rather than the definition. Thousands who know the meaning of *sisix*, *nolej*, *sicoloji*, and the like are daily at a loss for the orthography. For such this will prove a handy reference-book, though not always responsive to one's demands, since we fail to find 'Kat' in its proper place, and 'Kow,' also, is not where it should be. While Mr. Knudson does not profess affiliation with the spelling reformers, we naturally suspect him of it.

'BIBLIOTHECA AMERICANA' is the assumed and well-deserved title of Robert Clarke & Co.'s 'Catalogue of a Valuable Collection of Books and Pamphlets Relating to America,' filling 280 octavo pages, and embracing 7422 entries. The classification is under such heads as Pre-Columbian Discovery, America in General and the United States, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Rebellion (some 800 titles), and then the States and Territories in alphabetical order, British America, the Arctic Regions, Indians, Travels, Surveys, Biography and Genealogy. Although not everything can be found here, this is one of the completest lists of Americana that we remember to have seen. Among the odd titles may be noted 'Hugginiani: or, Huggin's Fantasy; being a collection of the most esteemed modern Literary Productions, exposing the Art of making a Noise in the World, without Beating a Drum or Crying Oysters; and showing how, like Whittington of old, who rose from nothing to be Lord Mayor of London, a mere Barber may become an Emperor, if he has but Spirit enough to Assume, and Talents enough to Support the Title. By John Richard Huggins, Empereur des Friseurs, etc. New York. 1808.' This book, of 288 pages, is priced at \$6.

IT CAN scarcely be said that 'a long-felt want' calls for another text-book on ancient history, yet Prof. A. J. B. Vibert, S. S., A. M., of St. Charles's College, thinks there is room for one more, and accordingly puts forth a volume of some 700 pages (Foley Brothers). He gives more space than usual to the early ages and to the Hebrew nation, drawing largely upon, and quoting freely from, the Bible narrative. Perhaps the implication that the Scriptures are not much read by the 'rising generation' has some truth in it, and to call attention once more to the value and interest of the sacred records is certainly commendable. There is also a fuller treatment of Egyptian history than is to be found in most text-books. In this part of his work, as, indeed, everywhere, the author has availed himself of the results of recent exploration and research. While retaining many of the familiar stories and incidents without which ancient history would lose half its charm, he has, by judicious omission of much detail pertaining to the innumerable wars, found opportunity for more profitable sketches of art, literature, government, manners, religion and education. The style is clear and pleasant, the arrangement excellent, and the volume will doubtless win for itself a place in the estimation of teachers and pupils.

YOUNG AMERICANS have certainly no excuse for being ignorant of the origin, nature, spirit, forms and essential elements of the political system under which they live. For within the past few years many excellent books have been prepared, conveying such information in a style well adapted to the comprehension of youth. Among the latest and best of these is Prof. Jesse Macy's 'Our Government: How it Grew, What it Does, and How it Does It.' (Ginn & Co.) The plan of this work is quite different from that followed by most writers on the subject. To understand the genius and workings of our political institutions, it is not sufficient, our author thinks, to confine one's attention merely to a study of the Constitution of the United States. That is, in a certain sense, remote, while the local governments, of town or city, and county and state, touch our daily life. With these more familiar interests he therefore begins—with schools, roads, the care of the poor, etc.—proceeding thence to the dispensation of justice by juries and courts, the federal executive business in its seven departments, the processes of law-making, and, finally, constitutions. The excellence of this method of presentation is easily appreciable. Another peculiarity is the persistence with which the author traces everything back to its origin, thus throwing much light upon many points too often left in obscurity. The summary, suggestions, and few questions appended to each chapter will be found helpful.

'LA LANGUE FRANÇAISE,' by Paul Bercy (William R. Jenkins), is a desirable little book adapted to teaching French by the 'natural' method, and consisting of dialogues which introduce a large vocabulary, a great many idioms and phrases, and all that is necessary of

grammar. Brief exercises of an improved kind are also given, and the book is to be commended for its practical character.—'OLD COOKERY BOOKS,' by W. Carew Hazlitt (George J. Coombes), is an appetizing title, and one half expects something of literary as well as gastronomical flavor in the treatment of a subject which Charles Lamb, or Dickens, or Thackeray, or the Autocrat, or Mr. Warner, would have made delightful as well as instructive. It is a disappointment to find it only a compilation of statistics; but even these are interesting records of the varying tastes of our ancestors.—CATHERINE OWEN, whose excellent cook-book has won the praise it deserved, issues in a small and convenient pamphlet a little treatise on 'Perfect Bread.' (Holyoke, Mass.: C. W. Bryan & Co.) It contains over fifty receipts for making different kinds of bread, yeast, etc., giving minute directions which cannot possibly be misunderstood.—THE 'Ancient American Politics' of Hugh J. Hastings is issued in the Franklin Square Library. It is an elaborate compilation of facts, brought down to the election of Harrison as President; and whoever reads and remembers it all will be very well informed indeed on the subject of which it treats with such fullness of detail.—SAMUEL WELLS, Mary Treat and Frederick Leroy Sargent have prepared an interesting little book, called 'Through a Microscope' (Chicago: Interstate Publishing Co.), to tempt youthful scientific experimenters to investigate this fascinating field.

Recent Fiction.

TICKNOR & CO. meet the ever increasing demand for Lucretia P. Hale's popular 'Peterkin Papers' with a new edition of the stories which first appeared in *Our Young Folks* and *St. Nicholas*, with the addition of one written especially for this volume and called 'The Peterkins at the Farm.' In addition to Attwood's drawings for the earlier edition, there are now two hundred new illustrations by F. Myrick, though it seems a work of supererogation to illustrate so much a book so good in itself as hardly to need illustration at all. To make two hundred pictures it has been necessary to give a drawing of almost everything that is mentioned—now an axe, now a spade, now a tea-cup, now a dog, etc., and there are only a few which contribute any interpretation of the spirit of the story. Fortunately, however, the story does not need interpretation, for it must be a dull soul indeed that does not understand and delight in the piquant originality of Miss Hale's most entertaining work.—IN 'SIMPLICITY AND FASCINATION,' by Anne Beale (Lee & Shepherd), there will seem to be more of simplicity than of fascination to the average reader; but anyone content with the gentle commonplaces of this very long story will have enough to read for several weeks.

A LITTLE story which reminds one of Mrs. Ewing's tale about children, and which has a boy in it not unlike 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' in his loveliness, is 'Transformed,' by Florence Montgomery (Lippincott). It is the story of a very much withered old man, whom the world has spoiled, but who is taught by a child how false and pitiful had been all he has learned before from the lesson of life.—THE PUBLIC is too familiar with the literary work of Mr. E. P. Roe to need much criticism of his latest book, 'He Fell in Love with his Wife.' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is not a particularly pleasing tale; and although the husband did eventually fall in love with the woman he married for their mutual convenience, the fact remains that such marriages are not always as desirable as the novelist seems to wish to prove.—'LITTLE TU'PENNY,' by S. Baring Gould (Appleton), is a simple little story on a somewhat well-worn theme, but prettily told and interesting. A little rustic marries a burglar who pretends to be the relative of a duke, and in course of time drifts back to her truer rustic lover.—TO JUDGE from the opening and the closing paragraphs of 'Baptized with a Curse,' by Edith Stewart Drewry (Harper's Handy Series), the story is quite a horrible one, hardly worth plodding through.—THE 'REAL PEOPLE' of Marion Wilcox (White, Stokes & Allen) are hardly interesting enough for one to rejoice greatly in their being real.

THE LONG-LOOKED-FOR and much-desired sequel to Miss Alcott's 'Little Men' appears at last, under the title of 'Jo's Boys, and How They Turned Out.' (Roberts.) Miss Alcott writes with more seriousness than in days of yore; but if there is less of rollicking fun in 'Jo's Boys' than in 'Little Women,' there is much quiet, pleasant humor; while the earnest, helpful tone of the book justifies the warm welcome it is sure to receive. Of grown-up boys there would naturally be many love-affairs to tell; but it seems almost a pity that it should be so in this case, as the tone of the book is still that of one about boys, and its romance has a singular strain of youth-

fulness about it, which hardly enables one to feel in it the dignity of real love, courtship and marriage. One of the most amusing chapters is that in which Miss Alcott graphically describes the sufferings of a favorite author subjected to the devotion of foolish worshippers. —'DADDY DAVE,' by Mary Frances (Funk & Wagnalls), is a tribute to one of the old slaves who were so faithful, when their time of freedom came, to those who had been their masters. There is about it a rather curious atmosphere of still confident faith in the beauty of the old *régime*, and a little of the logic which consists in saying: 'If the negroes were so considerate when their time of retaliation came, is it not proof that their lot had been a happy one?' But Daddy Dave certainly deserved the tribute, and we can afford to overlook the logic. —'STORIES FROM LIFE,' by Sarah K. Bolton (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), is a collection of simple and amiable short stories, each with an excellent moral, but not conspicuous for literary quality. —'BOTH IN THE WRONG,' by Mrs. John Kent Spender (Franklin Square Library), is an average story written for the average reader, and will not greatly interest those fastidious in literature.

'THE PSYCHOLOGIST,' by Putnam P. Bishop (Putnam), is a somewhat rambling but not tiresome, mingling of fiction, thoughtful talk, and light chit-chat. The psychology of the Psychologist is not very startling; but a good deal of earnest discussion is started, with the somewhat unusual result—unusual, that is, in real life—of somebody's being convinced. Curiously enough, however, it is the Psychologist who convinces himself of the truth of his opponents' position. —THE PUTNAMS publish a revised edition of Alice Durand Field's picturesque and poetic 'Palermo.' The little book is a well told story, full of color and grace, and though it deals at times with spirited scenes of the Garibaldi days, there is a restfulness in the spirit of the book which is a grateful oasis in the hurried, exciting, or commonplace literature of the time. —'THE LITTLE MASTER,' by J. T. Trowbridge, illustrated (Lee & Shepard), is a story of the old times in district schools, when the pupils were frequently bigger and stronger than the teacher and took advantage of the fact. 'The Little Master' is a spirited young fellow, who conquers pupils and committee by mental and moral grit. —'MARCELLA GRACE,' by Rosa Mulholland (Harper's Handy Series), is an unusually good Irish story, stirring and pathetic, in which the ever popular trial of an innocent man for murder is made as interesting and effective as if it were an entirely new device of an author at his wits' end for a plot.

Magazine Notes

A FEATURE of *Lippincott's* for 1887 will be a series of articles describing the social life of the students of the various colleges of the United States, each contributed by an undergraduate actually taking the collegiate course and consequently acquainted with the matter whereof he writes. A new department, called Book-Talk, will be begun in the November number. It will be written by the editor, and will discuss the newest books and other current literary topics in a light and chatty manner. —*Book Lore* for this month has an amusing paper on the 'Vagaries of Book-Buyers,' besides other interesting articles. *The Antiquary* continues to ask 'Is Mr. Freeman Accurate?' and is, for the rest, replete with information attractive and valuable to the book-worm. —We suppose the Charleston earthquake must be credited with the reproduction in the October *Magazine of American History* of a description, by Audubon, of 'An Earthquake in Kentucky' in 1825. It is taken from the naturalist's 'Ornithological Biography' (1831), and accompanies a frontispiece portrait of the author.

Lafcadio Hearn has written an article for the November *South-ern Bivouac* entitled 'The Last of the New Orleans Fencing-Masters.' —The Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon has taken a decided stand against Prohibition, and has prepared for the November number of *The Forum* an article in opposition to the movement. —In the November *Century* will be published a story by Mary Hallock Foote, entitled 'The Fate of a Voice.' It is a story of the East and West, and is accompanied by a full-page illustration drawn by the author. —The current issue of the *Journal of Education* is devoted exclusively to the scientific teaching of temperance in schools. The contributors to the discussion are Miss Edith M. Thomas, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, Prof. J. T. Edwards, LL.D., Prof. A. C. Boyden, Prof. E. F. Kimball, Axel Gustafson, Prof. O. M. Brands, Miss Alice M. Guernsey, Miss M. E. Cotting, Miss Harriet P. North, Dr. L. W. Baker, H. L. Reade, and others.

The Worthington Company announce *Worthington's Annual* for the approaching holiday season.

The Fine Arts

Crowninshield's "Mural Painting."*

MR. CROWNINSHIELD'S 'Mural Painting' is a valuable exposition of the theory and technique of wall-painting from the beginning, with especial reference to the practice of the art by American painters. The revival of mural painting in this country dates back only about fifteen years, and much of the work done has been more or less experimental. The results of the labors of our ambitious young painters in this direction have, however, been such as to encourage belief in a great future for mural painting in this country. No one in America is better qualified than Mr. Crowninshield to write with authority on the subject. He recommends that schools for mural painting should be established in connection with all the higher art-schools. In this work all the ancient and modern methods are analyzed so closely that any painter can instruct himself in the use of the different media. The encaustic of the ancients, the *buon fresco* of the Italian renaissance, *fresco secco*, the modern German *wasserglas* method, and the wax medium employed by American mural painters, are exhaustively handled, both technically and historically. This unpretending little book is as useful to laymen as to specialists. A popular knowledge of art seldom includes an intelligent acquaintance with methods or effects in mural painting, and but little has been written on the subject with a view to popular enlightenment. The illustrations of Mr. Crowninshield's book have been selected with judgment. They are excellent reproductions of famous examples of the different mural processes, and of great value to art-students.

"The Making of Pictures."†

THIS is a series of twelve short talks on art for young people and beginners in art. There is nothing so important as to lay the foundations of personal art-education aright. This idea has evidently inspired the author to give within a small compass a complete survey of the modern American art-field. Her book is at once practical and artistic. She has had the tact to perceive and utilize the fact that the art-education of the masses begins, nowadays, with the illustrated weekly newspaper and monthly magazine; and for this reason she gives as much space to reproductive processes as to vehicles of original expression. Oils, water-colors, etching, engraving and photography are treated of in separate chapters. The talks on models and on exhibitions and sales are full of useful hints to persons studying alone or in small clubs.

Art Notes.

DODD, MEAD & CO. will publish as a holiday book a fine edition of Rossetti's 'Blessed Damozel,' with drawings by Kenyon Cox, reproduced by the Forbes photogravure process. The proofs of the plates have been seen, and although some alterations remain to be made, a good general idea of these admirable designs has been obtained. They are full of thought and originality, decorative rather than imaginative in their primary aim, and masterly as to technique. Mr. Cox's remarkable knowledge of the human figure was never shown to better advantage than in this series of drawings. Most interpreters of the passionate mysticism of Rossetti's poem would have shown less reserve of imagination. The mystical feeling of the poet has but little to do with the drawings, but it appears strongly in the designs for the initial letters. The illustrator's strong artistic intention impresses one forcibly throughout the series.

One of the latest of the Wide Awake Art-Prints (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.) is a peasant girl feeding pigeons, by Henry Bacon. It is pleasing enough. Mr. Hayden's quiet landscape, with its good effects of light and water, has been well reproduced. Mr. Edmund H. Garrett's Sixteenth Century group of an old man, a boy and three dogs is picturesque in effect, but bad in arrangement of masses and untrue in values. George Foster Barnes's

* Mural Painting. By Frederick Crowninshield. \$3. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

† The Making of Pictures. By Sarah W. Whitman. 60 cents. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Co.

'Training of a Prince'—a boy being taught archery—is a delicate piece of line-work.

How Canon Kingsley's Work Goes On.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

There are so many people in our country who have been helped, in various ways, by the true and brave words which were spoken by Charles Kingsley during his life, and which still 'blossom from his dust' in deeds which those words have stimulated, that the editors of THE CRITIC may think it worth while to publish a brief extract from a letter just received from his daughter. How little could the good Canon have surmised the proportions to which his simple work in behalf of the men of Chester would grow! One cannot forbear saying with Portia,

How far that candle sheds its beams!
So shines a good deed in this naughty world.

LEXINGTON, VA., OCT. 15. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Your letter came after me to Chester, whither I had gone to see the last touch put to the work which my father set on foot sixteen years ago. Out of the Natural Science Class which he started in 1870, for the young men of Chester, has grown the most successful local society of natural science in England—numbering many hundred members, men and women of all classes, all creeds, all politics. And now the Archaeological Society of this city, and the Schools of Science and Art, have joined with it, to build the most beautiful museum imaginable, with lecture-rooms, art-schools, laboratories, and all that heart can desire. This Museum was opened on the 9th by the good Duke of Westminster. It is wonderful and delightful to see how my father's work goes on. All these hard-working men, who are doing solid work for the science of the world, in their spare hours, simply worship his memory, and say that they never would have known each other if he had not thus brought them together. For instance, one man, who sells spectacles in a shop under the 'Rows,' is gratuitously teaching a class of his young townsmen, in advanced science, and passing his pupils in the first rank, at the examinations. This man has himself gained a European reputation for discoveries he has made under the microscope; and as he said to me last week—*I owe it all to the Canon.*

Bayard Taylor in Germany.

In the *Weser-Zeitung* (Bremen) of June 22d appeared a notice of the German translation, by Anna M. Koch, of Bayard Taylor's *Life* as derived from his letters. The writer has taken occasion to speak with much interest and admiration of Bayard Taylor, as follows:

For years Germany had been his second intellectual home. His song of rejoicing, written on September 6th, a few days after the news of the great event at Sedan had been telegraphed to America, ranks first among the foreign demonstrations of sympathy. Familiar with the country and people of Germany through the journey which he, a farmer's son from Pennsylvania, made through Europe when a boy of nineteen, acquainted with a large number of the intellectual leaders in Germany, at home in a German family circle through his marriage with the daughter of the celebrated astronomer Hansen, he had also founded his literary fame in Germany by his translation and exposition of Goethe's 'Faust.' . . . Unfortunately the few months spent at his post before his death did not permit him to realize his ideal of a foreign ambassador. So much the greater cause have we to thank his family for giving us an insight into the life and aims of a man whose thorough ideality affects us most gratefully, accustomed as we are to regard the Americans in quite a different light. Though Taylor may not be one of the greatest, he is undoubtedly one of the most sympathetic representatives of American character—one of those fortunate natures to whom, wherever they go, the tribute of respect and admiration is paid in full measure. A cosmopolitan in the fullest sense of the word, there was scarcely a notable spot of land between New York and Yeddo, between Drontheim and Khartoum, which his foot had not pressed, and which his mind and imagination had not absorbed. In the numerous extracts from his letters and poems which reveal his spiritual life, there breathes a delicious freshness, a pure, healthy odor of the forest. On the strong and healthy old stock of Anglo-Saxon Quakerism was grafted a branch of the noblest kind of cosmopolitanism and universalism, bearing blossoms which the cultivated may enjoy, and the religious may find edifying.

So may this book be recommended to all who, in an author, seek above all *the man*, that they may delight in the beauty of human nature; they will thank the wife of the late minister, as well as the German publisher, for unveiling and making accessible to them the life of a man who was a true Bayard—a knight without fear and without reproach.

Sorrow and Life.

STRONG-LIMBED, a boy is born to-night:

At dusk, an acorn, fate's dread sowing
Dropt swiftly mossward; so, with might,
Within the wood his cross is growing!

C. M. THOMPSON.

Until the Night.

ALL the day long I watch the skies—
A ball of burning blue above:
Too bright it shines across mine eyes
That see no more the face they love.

But I can wait until the light
Grows faint o'er hill and field and stream,
And shod with silence comes the night:
Then I shall sleep, and sleeping, dream.

J. K. WETHERILL.

The Lounger

I TRUST I am committing a pardonable indiscretion in printing part of a private letter from Mr. Stockton on a subject in which people are just now much interested. 'I am belabored with letters from all quarters,' he says, 'demanding to know who the Dusantes were, and whether or not Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine reached a place of safety. Even ——— writes, and says that if I do not write a letter from the Dusantes, he will do it himself. I never expected that this somewhat idle curiosity would be aroused. The story was finished, and what difference did it make who the Dusantes were? And of course the Lecks party came off all right, or the story would not have been told. At first I did not pay much attention to the letters, but they now come in so thickly, and I am so beset in private parlors, drug-stores and at the post-office to know who these Dusantes were, that I have bethought me of this plan—namely, to write a sequel to the original story, to be called "The Dusantes," which will introduce that family to the public and again bring forward those good women, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine.' 'The Dusantes,' I may add, will appear in *The Century*, where the original story was published.

I REALLY do not know with whom I feel the most sympathy, whether with Miss Cleveland in her troubles with the publisher of *Literary Life*, or with President Cleveland in his annoyance at his sister's being used as an advertising medium. Miss Cleveland is no doubt a clever woman and a woman of character, but she has apparently mistaken her vocation, and does not see that she is being used by people sharper than herself. If the President could induce her to take a trip abroad, it would be a good thing for her and for him; for the use of her name as the shuttle-cock of an advertising battledore is not only undignified but pitiable.

PROF. BOYSEN spent his summer vacation on Nantucket—that primitive island, where the only prisoner in the local jail is said to have walked out of the house of bondage once, and declined to return to it until the authorities should put a bolt on the door, to prevent the intrusion of inquisitive cows and pigs. Knowing the reputation of the place for backwardness, Mr. Boyesen was surprised to find a native who seemed to take an interest in Norwegian politics, and who not only talked intelligently on the subject, but even corrected the visitor's figures concerning the size of the Government's minority in the Diet. When he quoted as his authority an article by Prof. Boyesen in *The Christian Union*, all the visitor could do was to accept the correction, and confess the authorship of the article. 'Then you are a Norwegian?' enquired the native. Mr. Boyesen nodded assent. 'It's odd,' the Nantucketer went on, 'but you're the first one I ever saw here who hadn't come on a wreck.' 'O,' exclaimed Mr. Boyesen, 'I came as a wreck, so the difference isn't so great after all.'

MRS. BURNETT, after a three years' absence from Washington, has returned to that attractive city, and moved into a new house in K street. In her old Washington house, in I street, she wrote 'Haworth's,' 'Louisiana' and 'Through One Administration.' I wonder in what house she wrote 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' Where ever it is, it should be marked with a tablet.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S letters to his wife, some extracts from which have just been published prior to their appearance in book form, give a better insight into the character of the man than pages of biography could do. They were written a year after his marriage, and of course were never intended for publication; but circumstances have made it seem advisable that they should be laid before the public. It would seem from the tone of these letters that Gen. McClellan was more in love with his wife than with his profession. He went into the War with enthusiasm, but the red-tape and the wire-pulling by which he was surrounded disgusted him. Suggestions of the Presidency that came to him do not seem to have excited his ambition. 'As I hope to be united with you in heaven, I have no such aspiration. . . . God grant that I may bring this War to an end, and be permitted to spend the rest of my days quietly with you.' In the early days of the War, when I was younger than I am now, I was a violent McClellanite, having caught my enthusiasm from my father and brother, who served under him in the Army of the Potomac; and from that time to this I have seen no reason to swerve from my fidelity to 'Little Mac.' Certainly there is nothing in these newly published letters to lessen one's admiration of the gallant soldier.

Louis the Second of Bavaria.

[Temple Bar.]

IT will be well to relate the life of the late King of Bavaria while the materials for a truthful biography are available. In a very little time most of the facts concerning Louis II. will have become overlaid by a mass of popular legendry. The mysteries of the King's life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden deposition and suicide have naturally impressed the public imagination in Germany very deeply; indeed, the suicide by which King Louis's insanity was conclusively demonstrated to those who reason after the practical manner of a British coroner's jury has had quite the contrary effect on many German minds, and has raised a doubt as to whether the King ought ever to have been declared mad. Already doctors have begun to dispute on this point; some maintaining that the determined way in which the King destroyed himself was incompatible with that particular form of mental disease (softening of the brain) with which other doctors certified him to have been afflicted.

The truth is that the trustworthy witnesses as to Louis II.'s life are very few. The King's relations and ministers were those who knew him least. The high court officials who approached him were by profession discreet, and spoke little. Those who did speak—subordinate officials and discharged servants for the most part—often exaggerated; and their fables assumed ludicrous proportions in passing from mouth to mouth. In Germany the private lives of kings are not pried into by the press. While Louis II. lived no newspaper either in Germany or Austria would have dared to report and still less to criticize his acts too freely. All the stories which circulated about him thus came from gossip. So lately as last January the Bavarian ministry caused it to be denied in the press that the King was in the least degree mentally incapacitated from ruling. It was said in this *communiqué* that his Majesty generally corresponded with his ministers by letter, but that his notes were always lucid and shrewd. It was also mentioned at about the same time that the government having wished to prosecute a journalist who had the hardihood to attack the Recluse of Hohenschwangau the King had forbidden the prosecution, saying: 'Let him write what he likes, so long as I live as I please.'

Nevertheless there came a time when the King could no longer be allowed to live as he pleased. Ministers grew afraid of the responsibilities which they were incurring towards the Opposition and the country by carrying on the government in the King's name, without any certain control or co-operation from the King himself; and from the moment when it was settled between the Bavarian prime minister, Baron de Lutz, and Prince Bismarck, that this situation must cease, all men's tongues were of a sudden loosed.* During the few days while it was being officially demonstrated as a state necessity that a Regency must be established, every man who could adduce evidence as to the King's unfitness to reign had his

say. The newspapers of Munich, Berlin, and Vienna, teemed with revelations; and from the most obviously veracious of these—that is, from the accounts of persons whose position enabled, and whose duty compelled, them to speak the truth—it is possible to trace out the story of Louis II.'s strange life with substantial completeness.

The exact measure of his character and genius will not be known until a selection is published of the hundreds of letters which he wrote to Richard Wagner. In these he laid his mind bare as a friend speaking to a friend. Enough is already before the world, however, to support the conclusion that if Louis II. was in his later years incompetent to reign, his intellectual vagaries never exceeded that which has been regarded as mere eccentricity in many poets, authors and artists. If he had not been a king he might have lived a life like Byron's. He was certainly less hypochondriacal than Tasso, than Cervantes, than J. J. Rousseau, than Goldsmith, Cowper, Chatterton, or Alfred de Musset. Proportions being considered, he was not more extravagant than Lamartine or the late Alexandre Dumas. The former ruined himself to go on a tour to the East in a wondrous steam yacht fitted up like a floating palace; and his debts had to be paid by means of public lotteries.* The latter squandered more than £120,000 in building his 'Villa Monte Christo,' in which he lived less than a couple of years; and he eventually died without leaving a franc that could be called his own though he had earned more money in his life than any French author before him.

But even if we merely examined Louis II.'s fitness for the high part which he was cast to play in life, it may be questioned whether he would not have discharged his kingly duties fairly well to the end had he not been surrounded with men who were too complacent towards his whims at the outset of his reign. One firm self-respecting minister could have kept him to his duties by declining to serve him unless he did what his station required. But successive Bavarian politicians appear to have found it convenient to let their master enjoy a liberty which left them uncontrolled. From all that has transpired it is evident that the king was five years ago acting in a way which conscientious advisers ought not to have permitted. It matters nothing that the parliamentary necessity for checking the King had then not yet arisen. When this necessity did arise, ministers had to undertake a task which their too long subserviency had rendered impracticable. The King had hardened himself in his waywardness, and was no longer to be advised or coerced.

Louis II. was born at Nymphenburg on the 25th August, 1845, during the reign of his grandfather, the frivolous and eccentric Louis I. His birthday falling on the festival of St. Louis was considered a very auspicious circumstance by the autocratic king and by the Clerical party in Bavaria—the more so as Louis I. had himself been born on the 25th August. Good royalists saw in this coincidence a presage that the child would live to rule according to the strictest traditions of Divine Right, and the fact is said to have had some influence in determining the subsequent conversion of his mother, Princess Marie of Prussia, from the Lutheran to the Roman Catholic religion.† On the other hand the royal child's birthday, the extravagant religious odes that were published in his honour, the Jordan water used at his baptism, and the presents ostentatiously sent to him by the Count de Chambord, Don Carlos, and Emperor Ferdinand of Austria and Czar Nicholas, served to mark out Louis II. in his cradle as an object of aversion to German Liberals. Prince Maximilian, the heir apparent to the throne, lost much of his popularity through the reactionary character imparted to the fêtes for his boy's christening, and he had not yet quite re-established himself in the good graces of the Bavarian people when the revolution of 1848 broke out.

Louis I. was compelled to abdicate, and the crown passed to Maximilian II., who made an excellent constitutional king. The foreign idea of constitutionalism does not require that the sovereign shall be a passive instrument in the hands of his ministers for the time being; and this King Max never was. He did not stand by with his arms folded while rival politicians pelted one another with fragments of the constitution. He had the moral courage to interfere when parliamentary intriguers would have sacrificed national interests to party schemes; and since he was not afraid to brave those occasional outbursts of grumbling which beset every person, king or man, who does his duty, he earned the grateful respect of his people whenever events proved him to have been in the right. The royal prerogative also suffered no diminution in his hands, but

* Lamartine also received a pension of 20,000 frs. from Napoleon III. In 1864 the Imperial Government authorized a lottery to enable him to buy back the estate of St. Point de Monceaux, which had been assigned to his creditors.

† Queen Marie did not openly abjure till after her husband's death, but this is believed to have been owing to King Max's objections to her making what he called a public fuss about her faith. He was somewhat of a Gallic in religious matters, and did not wish his people to think that Jesuit influences were at work in the palace.

* The crisis was actually brought about by the refusal of the Clerical Opposition in the chambers to assist the Liberal Cabinet in raising a state loan for the payment of the King's debts. The Opposition required guarantees that the Cabinet was not governing without control of the Crown.

was rather fortified and consolidated; so that after sixteen years' reign King Maximilian left the kingdom in a flourishing and loyal condition to his son. His sudden death after a day's illness on the 10th March, 1864, was mourned as a national calamity; but the fairest hopes attended the accession of Louis II., who inherited his father's popularity, and was believed to have been trained to appreciate the value of so precious an heritage.

An honest and enlightened king, Maximilian II. was in private life not particularly genial, and both his sons, Louis and Otto, had been brought up with great strictness and simplicity. Their father allowed them no pocket money, but what they earned by good marks at their lessons—on the modest scale of one pfennig per mark—and he would fine them a thaler without compunction if they were reported idle. Their table was more frugal than that of the sons of most country gentlemen. When Louis attained his majority at eighteen, he was provided with an establishment of his own, and sat down on the first day of his emancipation to his usual dinner—one dish of meat and some cheese: 'Am I now my own master?' he asked with a smile of his servants. 'Yes, sir,' was the answer. 'Then you may bring me some chicken and a *mehlspeisen* (pudding).'

Queen Marie, though a fond mother and much beloved by her sons, shared her husband's masculine opinions about the education of boys. It has been a custom in the Prussian Royal family for the last ninety years that all the young princes shall be taught the rudiments of some manual trade.* Prince Otto by his mother's desire learnt carpentering and turning; but Prince Louis, who very early evinced a taste for architecture, chose to be a mason. He had then just entered his teens, and during a fortnight he worked for a couple of hours every day with the masons who were building a new coach house at the palace of Nymphenburg. At the end of that time he announced to his mother that he had finished his apprenticeship, for that he could lay a brick as neatly as any workman. 'But could you earn your living at the trade?' asked the doubting queen. 'I could make my fortune at it,' replied the boy with a laugh which showed that he did not see much practical utility in his recent occupations: 'why, surely, if I offered myself as a bricklayer any master-mason would be glad to take me into partnership; my name would bring him more business than my hands could do.'

On another occasion, seeing his brother busy at work at a lathe, Louis remarked demurely:—'There is Otto taking his precautions for when the world shall be turned upside down. When princes become turners, I suppose Fritz the carpenter will be a king.'

Maximilian II. chose his sons' tutors with the best judgment, and the boys were apt pupils when they had learned to like their masters; but in this respect Louis was much more difficult to please than Otto. Up to his fourteenth year the boy was so nervous with strangers, and so impressionable as regards physiognomies, that if a face excited any repulsion in him, he manifested positive terror. The King, wishing to cure his son of this nonsense as he called it, long insisted that the boy should retain in his service two or three servants whose features he loathed. But when Prince Louis met these men he would tremble and shut his eyes, or else turn away with his face to the wall. It was not ugliness or deformity which kindled the boy's antipathy, but an intuition that the person he saw was not what the French call *sympathique*. In a land where 'spiritual affinities' are so much believed in that romantic young students take to themselves 'spiritual brothers,' this faculty for making friends or foes at first sight is better understood than it would be in a country where a close friend goes by no higher name than that of 'chum.' With uncongenial tutors, Prince Louis would sit dumb and stupid; and this fact coming to be plainly recognised by his mother as a bar to his education, she prevailed on the king to let the boy's fancy be humored within reason. Obnoxious servants were removed; tutors were only engaged on probation; and this indulgence soon produced good results, for the Prince outgrew much of his nervousness, and learned to control his emotion at the sight of disagreeable faces. In after life, however, he always remained a firm believer in the science of Lavater, as he did in phrenology and in the systems of reading character by the shape of the hand or handwriting.†

* The custom arose after the French Revolution, and was started by Frederick William III., who came to the throne in 1797. This King and his gifted wife Queen Louise, who suffered so much adversity, often reminded their children of how the Duke of Chartres (afterwards Duke of Orleans, and later King Louis Philippe) had been obliged to earn his living as a school usher in Switzerland.

† He once quoted to Count Charles d'Holstein the following anecdote about Lavater. The Swiss philosopher was giving a lecture at Zurich, when a stranger, who had been listening attentively to him, left the room. Lavater broke off in his lecture and said: 'Gentlemen, my theories are of course fallible, but judging by them I should say that the person who has just left the room has his conscience loaded with some great crime, and from his features I should say that this crime was murder.' It was subsequently ascertained that the person in question was Lilliehöörn, one of the officers who had joined in the conspiracy for assassinating Gustavus III. of Sweden. He was living in Zurich under an assumed name, and Lavater had no acquaintanceship with him.

The famous Dr. Döllinger was one of the tutors who exercised the happiest influence over Prince Louis. Giving a general direction to his pupil's studies, the learned and able churchman acted on the principle that the future king ought to know a little of everything, and to choose for himself the one or two subjects which he would like to study thoroughly. He has often said, however, that he was disconcerted by the ardour with which the Prince applied himself to every branch of study except political economy and mathematics. Quick at learning languages ancient or modern; passionately fond of history; deeply interested in theology, and intelligent in his comprehension of books relating to the science of war; Prince Louis was equally assiduous in his music and drawing-lessons, and in all corporeal exercises. He learned to drill smartly; became a graceful fencer, and a bold rider. But the sensitiveness of his character was shown by the deep mortification he experienced whenever he met with any mishap in his athletics, which exposed him to ridicule—and the dread of this ridicule caused him to go to the riding school or the gymnastic room with a much more serious face than he wore when sitting down to his books. In this as in many other things, he was the opposite of ordinary young men. Once, when he had rolled off his horse into the sawdust of the riding school, his military tutor, Colonel Heckel, laughed. Prince Louis turned to him with a white face and said:—'Pray teach me, Colonel, to fall in a way that shall not be comical. There ought to be nothing laughable in an accident which might happen even to a good rider before a hundred thousand men.'

Another day, fencing with one of his occasional companions, young Count d'Orff, he showed great impatience at being touched several times on the arm and shoulder. At last his adversary made a straight lunge and struck the spot over his heart: 'There is nothing ridiculous in that,' observed the Prince good-humouredly. 'If we had been fighting in earnest the thrust would have killed me.' For dancing the Prince never felt much predilection, but he learned to dance—generally with one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting for a partner. He hated polkas and waltzes to quick time, but could enjoy a waltz to slow time or a stately quadrille; and after his first appearance at a court ball, when he was eighteen, he spoke to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies about reviving the minuet. His impression of this first ball does not seem to have been favorable, for he described it years after in a letter to Wagner as 'all confusion, gasping, and stamping of feet.'

Until he had attained his majority Prince Louis was scarcely ever seen in public except in the Royal box at the Munich Theatre. He and his brother were allowed to attend occasional performances of tragedy and opera, but they never figured in court ceremonies and very seldom at the court dinner table. They were also debarred, somewhat injudiciously, from taking walks with their tutors through the streets of Munich or any other town near which they happened to be residing. If they went to visit a museum they drove there in a close carriage, and very early on a summer morning before the shops were opened; so that in this way they grew up unaccustomed to the sight of the workaday world and to the hum of men's voices. A great deal of the King's passion for solitude in after life must be attributed to this early training. Residing always amidst enchanting scenery, he learned to love the silence of forest paths, and the beautiful prospect of hills, valleys, and lakes. He could sit for hours gazing at a landscape; or like the youth in Gray's *Elegy* stretch himself at noontide under a tree—

And pore upon the brook that bubbled by.

One of his favourite walks was along the shores of that Lake Starnberg where he was to find death. Here he often sauntered with Dr. Döllinger, who discoursed with him about the glorious future that seemed to be awaiting him in this life; but without ever succeeding in getting him to define his aspirations. As Prince Louis was eclectic in his tastes and studies, so was he without precise aim in his ambition. That his ambition had strong pinions and would soar high was the only thing clear, and Döllinger inclined to think that his pupil had the cravings if not the genius of a great commander. The Prince loved to put on the bright blue uniform of the Bavarian army, to talk of 'grand legions, fields of glittering bayonets, fluttering banners, and charging squadrons.' Military marches in which there was much blaring of trumpets and clashing of cymbals* made him thrill and start to his feet. Still he would not or could not shape the visions that haunted him into words. His ambition was like that red spot which dances before the eyes of those who have been staring at the sun.

Called to the throne by the sudden death of his father at less than a day's notice, Louis II. had served no political apprenticeship whatever; he had little experience of men, none of the world, and

* At seventeen he made several attempts to translate 'The Battle of Hohenlinden into German verse. He produced an ode of some merit, but with a modesty rare in poets as in princes, tore it up, saying it was unworthy of the original.

he was almost a stranger to his subjects. But few young sovereigns ever had so prepossessing an appearance or excited so much popular enthusiasm on their accession. Herr Edward Mantner, a well-known Austrian author, thus writes of his presentation to the young King in 1864:—

A little more than eighteen years of age, he presented a most striking appearance—he was indeed the most idealistic youth whom I have ever seen. His figure, tall, slight and graceful, had perfect symmetry of form; his luxuriant hair slightly curled, together with the first light flush of beard upon his cheek, gave his head a resemblance to those magnificent works of ancient art in which we find the first manifestation of the Hellenic idea of manly strength. Even had he been a beggar he could not have failed to attract my attention; and nobody, old or young, man or woman, rich or poor, could resist the fascination of his presence. His voice had a pleasant sympathetic tone: the questions which he put were clear and definite: his subjects were judiciously chosen and full of spirit withal. His mode of expression was wise, easy, natural, and at the same time select—while his vivacious countenance intensified every new impression produced by his words. The charm which his appearance created has never been destroyed in me; on the contrary it has been heightened, and the picture of the youthful monarch is still impressed in indelible colours upon my mind.

Abundance of testimony similar to this leaves no doubt that there was the making of an able ruler in Louis II. Unfortunately, the ministers in office at this time were a prosy set of men, who failed to develop in him any interest in his kingly duties. By way of teaching him to be a constitutional sovereign they instructed him carefully as to all the things which a modern sovereign must *not* do—and under this head were included all those spontaneous acts of grace and generosity which a youthful, kind, and chivalrous nature loves to perform. Louis II. granted pardons, pensions, and promotions with a profusion as startling to the recipients of these favours as it was to the ministers who had to ratify them; but by dint of remonstrances politicians made him weary of well doing. Things reached their climax when the King allowed himself to be accosted in the street by a woman who threw herself upon her knees before his horse's feet, and obtained his promise of a pardon for her husband who had just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for fraud. Too high-minded to let his word be broken either in the spirit or the letter, the King ordered the man's release, in spite of ministerial protests and threats of resignation; but at the same time he had the candour to own that he had been wrong; and after this the Queen Mother persuaded him to leave the business of governing to his ministers until he had grown a little older. She trusted that when he reached manhood a happy marriage might bring him under the influence of some good and sagacious princess: an untoward Fate, however, so willed it that at this juncture the young King was already falling under the baleful power of Richard Wagner.

Whatever may be thought of Wagner as a musical genius, he was not by his character or discretion fitted to be the mentor of a king young enough to be his son. The fanatics who see in his most cacophonous compositions the proofs of his sublimity are often also the idolatrous apologists of his egregious vanity, his puerile affectations, and his disorderly private life. Wagner was living at Vienna, in a style above his means and sorely worried by creditors—when King Louis, who knew his 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' before ascending the throne, summoned him to Munich to bring out his new opera, 'The Phantom Ship.*' This was in 1864, and in that same year Wagner's 'Rienzi' was performed with success at Cologne. There is not much to be said for 'Rienzi,' and 'The Phantom Ship' is a far worse composition; but the young king—who had already studied the two pamphlets† in which the composer expounded his so-called principles, railing at all that is antique in art—was disposed to admire with his ears shut. He bestowed on Wagner an annual pension of £320 and a court appointment; gave him rooms in his palace, a seat at his table; and became his disciple.

Wagner used his good fortune with so little tact, spoiling his royal patron with flattery, putting extravagant projects into his head, and encouraging him to give arrogant answers to all who opposed him—that the King's family and ministers took alarm, and public opinion grew uneasy. Wagner wanted to have a new opera-house built in Munich, for the performance of his own works chiefly, if not exclusively. The architect Godfried Semper prepared the plans of a grandiose theatre according to his designs; and the site which the composer chose was the eminence which closes the Maximilianstrasse, and on which the Maximilianeum* was then in process of erection. The city of Munich very properly refused the site; and public feeling in the country ran high against the composer for

his impudent request that the late King's foundation should be cleared away to make room for his theatre. Among the enthusiasts who noisily took Wagner's part in this dispute was Cosima, Franz Liszt's daughter, then married to Hans von Bülow. This lady was subsequently divorced and became Wagner's second wife; but at this time she was not his wife, and stories were brought to the King which offended the young sovereign's high sense of morality. With a heavy heart, Louis II. consented that Wagner should be ordered to leave Munich, and the composer's departure was officially announced on the 6th December, 1865, by a proclamation in which the King was made to assure his people that 'their love and confidence were to him of the highest importance.'

This forced parting with Wagner was the first great grief of the King's life. He felt it more than he had felt the death of his father, who had never been his confidant, and before long the separation proved intolerable. Letters took the place of personal intercourse, and among the treasures stored up at Wahnfried is a voluminous correspondence filling several boxes, which the Bavarian Monarch addressed to the poet-composer. On leaving Munich, Wagner went to Geneva, and here he remained throughout the year 1866, during which time the King found no means of paying him a private visit, as he much wished to do.

It was the year of the war between Prussia and Austria. Louis II. had little to do with maintaining the traditional policy of Bavaria, which kept that kingdom to the side of Austria; but his own personal sympathies were strongly on the Austrian side. He was too young to command the Bavarian armies; this duty was intrusted to Prince Luitpold (now Regent); but in six weeks the great war was over, and Prussia, victorious at Sadowa, had become the leading state in Germany, and destroyed Austria's hegemony altogether. It has been said that Louis II. felt a deep disgust at the ignominious termination of the war, and lost all pride in his army thenceforth. This is not true; but the victories which the Prussians had won by their needle rifles certainly produced in him a woeful disenchantment as regards the capabilities of personal bravery in modern warfare. He often spoke bitterly of the time when some nation would invent a steam or electrical cannon that would mow down so many regiments per minute; and when Russia proposed the assembling of an international convention at Geneva to prevent the use of the explosive bullets invented by the Frenchman Pertuiset, he said: '*Cui bono?*' If battles are to be fought with machines, let us all do our worst against each other, till we get sick of carnage and come back to the time when nations will settle their differences by choosing each their champions who will fight hand to hand.'

It may be added that Louis II. had a general abhorrence of fire-arms, even for sporting purposes. Receiving a splendid bear's skin as a present from the Czarevitch (now Czar), he inquired how the animal had been killed, and learning it had been slain with a cutlass, he returned to the donor a beautiful hunting dirk with a golden hilt, and a damasquined blade bearing an inscription to the effect that the weapon was worthy to be worn by a sportsman who would despise all other arms.

[To be concluded.]

America Revisited.

[An interview with Mr. Grant Allen, in *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

MR. GRANT ALLEN called at our office the other day on his return from America. We were delighted to see the improvement which four months' holiday abroad had wrought in the appearance of the well-known writer. By virtue of his birth in the New World and his naturalization in the Old, Mr. Grant Allen is able to speak of America as an American and of England as an Englishman; but as he had not revisited America for nearly eleven years we felt some curiosity as to the changes which he had noted in the continent which claims him as its son. Mr. Grant Allen in this journey has confined himself to the North-eastern States of the Union and to Canada, spending most of his time among his friends in the Dominion, and making short excursions westward along the Canadian Pacific.

How does the New World look to you after a lapse of eleven years? we inquired.

Very much the same, he replied. The cities are bigger, and so are the hotels, but such parts of the country as I visited showed very little change. I did not go out far West, my visit being confined to the districts which have long been settled. What struck me as new in the sense of making a new impression on my mind was perhaps the oldest phenomenon on the Continent. Looking at America with a geological eye I was impressed as I had never been before with the enormous extent to which the country has suffered from the ice sheets of the glacial epoch. Here in England that period has left a scar or two, but it is a mere

* 'Tannhäuser' was first performed in 1845, and 'Lohengrin' in 1850.

† 'Art and Revolution' (1849), and 'Opera and Drama' (1852).

* A high preparatory school for civil servants, founded by Maximilian II.

scratch to the terrible punishment inflicted by the glaciers of America. There are whole districts in which the great ice chisel of nature seems to have scraped off all the surface, leaving the bare rock exposed, incapable of any cultivation.

But is there no moraine or any deposit of alluvial soil?

Certainly. In the valleys there is soil enough, but even there the ice has worked almost as much mischief as it has done on the hill-sides, by heaping up and mixing in a most heart-breaking way enormous masses of boulders, which are almost the despair of the agriculturist. Hence from these two causes there are huge tracts of country in America which can never be capable of profitable cultivation. In fact, I may say the most vivid impression I have brought back from America is that of the immensity of the area which is practically waste land, irreclaimable and useless. There is nothing like it to be seen in Europe, excepting in some parts of Wales and here and there in Switzerland.

But is not the land very fertile?

In parts. There are certainly great valleys—those of the Mississippi and the Missouri—where there is fertility enough; and pray remember that I have not been out West; but the soil which I have seen, even where it is capable of bearing crops, is poorer soil than that which we have here, and a coarser soil. Although you may say America bears an immense harvest, yet the immensity of the harvest only corresponds to the immensity of the area from which it is reaped. Acre for acre the Old World yields heavier crops than the New.

The immensity of the country, continued Mr. Grant Allen—by country meaning agricultural land as distinguished from mere geographical area—is a fact which has been much more deeply impressed upon my mind during this visit than before. As a rule, Englishmen who go to America see nothing of the country, strictly so called. They are whirled in Pullman cars at night time from one great city to another. In their life in these crowded centres of luxury and civilization they hardly spare a thought for the vast intervening spaces, which are little better than barbarous. The contrast is most marked between the civilization of the cities and the barbarism of the country—European barbarism, I admit, but it is barbarism still: and it is a somewhat melancholy reflection to think that the United States of America is nearly all country, with only cities dotted here and there like pin points upon a great wilderness.

In what sense are the inhabitants of the United States barbarous?

Barbarous only in the sense of leading a life that is destitute of almost all the conveniences and appliances of civilization. They lead a life of unceasing toil in spacious solitudes, laboring all the year round without the stimulus of society or the privileges of conversation.

But do you mean to say that their life is harder and more barbarous than that of our agricultural laborers?

I distinctly think so, especially for the women. The farmers in the States are not capitalist farmers, but laboring farmers. The wife has to do all the cooking, housekeeping, and washing for her husband and her sons, by whom the farm is tilled, and also for the hired man if the holding is sufficiently large to justify his employment. They have less leisure than the English laborer, and they dwell more apart. They have no books excepting religious publications of a low intellectual type and the newspaper. The result is that every one who can live in towns flies from the country as from a pest-smitten city. The overcrowding of the great urban centres is one of the most difficult problems before American society. No one will remain on land longer than is necessary to enable him to get into the town. The unending monotony and heavy strain of the field labor have produced two ugly phenomena, of which I heard a great deal during my sojourn in America. One is the prevalence of brutal murders. On this side of the Atlantic brutal murders are usually committed in towns; in America it is the reverse. That is one phenomenon. The other is the fact that the women in a good number of cases become insane.

A terrible out-look this for a country nine-tenths of which is farm land, if farming is carried on under conditions which make men commit brutal murders and make women go mad.

That is putting it strongly; but it is only an exaggeration of a very genuine truth. It is very remarkable that in America there seems to be no love for the country or for country life. In England delight in rural life has descended from generation to generation, and is one of the few counterbalancing benefits with which the English land system has atoned for its many faults. But unfortunately the love of field sports and a rural landscape has not been inherited by our kinsmen beyond the sea. Here there is a constant tendency for town to spread itself into country, until you have outposts of London scattered over the whole country between the Thames and the English Channel. In America the

tendency is all the other way. The well-to-do classes are deserting the suburbs and crowding into the town. Within sixteen miles of Boston the country is almost in a state of aboriginal wilderness. You strike the forest primeval and the natural wilds within a few hours after leaving the largest cities. The enormous proportion of land that is still left wild comes upon the stranger with a great sense of surprise, even in the New England States. I remarked one day to Mr. W. D. Howells that some day the love of rural life might begin to develop itself among the cultured classes of America. He replied, 'It has begun, but it has stopped. The country houses in the neighborhood of the cities are now left without tenants. It is impossible to let them. Their owners are now living in town, and no new-comers can be prevailed upon to face the solitude and lack of conveniences of civilization which rural residences imply.' I remember being very much amused at the frank astonishment expressed by a young cultured American when he learned that it was absolutely possible in England for a couple of literary men to live and enjoy life as far from London as the village of Dorking. It must be said in excuse for the Americans, however, that their country is by no means so well worth looking at as ours. The purely agricultural landscape is desolation itself. All the indefinable beauties which add a charm to the English landscape do not exist in the great expanse of treeless, hedgeless plain, crossed here and there by roads, about as uninteresting as a cabbage garden, and by no means so well cultivated. Perhaps what most attracts the eye in an American landscape is the enormous quantities of weeds which are to be found at every turn. The native weeds have not gone out, while a vast host of weeds from the Old World have come in. This is especially the case with all weeds which have winged seed vessels. The dandelion, thistle, groundsel, and all similar plants have flourished amain. They cannot be kept in check there as in more densely populated countries, owing to the enormous expanse of waste land in which they flourish, and from which they dispatch their seeds to adjacent land. In Manitoba the local authority has a right to extirpate weeds when growing on anybody's land at the expense of the owner; but no legislation can cope with the curse of thistles until men are thicker upon the ground. The so-called Canadian thistle, which is simply the common English thistle, has spread itself over the whole of the United States.

Well, what with glaciers of the remote past and the weeds of the present day, to say nothing of the slavery of the agricultural district, your account of the New World is anything but encouraging. To turn from these sombre subjects, what do you think of the Canadian Pacific? You went a short way along it?

Yes, but not very far. I am inclined to take a more hopeful view of its fortunes than the majority of educated people in Canada. It runs through the heart of our corn belt, but it is weighed down at the other end by an enormous tract of barren land—a wilderness which would never have been crossed by a railway but for the sake of reaching the terminus on the Pacific at Vancouver. Notwithstanding this drawback, I am inclined to believe that it is a hopeful venture.

Was there anything worth noting in politics?

Not much, excepting this: do not be misled by Mr. Goldwin Smith when he represents the Canadians as all in thorough sympathy with the Ulster protest against Home Rule. There are Orangemen, no doubt, who are, in short, Orangemen in Canada as they are in Ireland; but the majority of the English-speaking inhabitants of Canada are Irish Catholics, and Scotch Presbyterians and their descendants. Irish Catholics are for Home Rule, of course, and so it may be said of the Scotch, who are as much for Home Rule as they are in Scotland. The Scotch race seems to have gone *en bloc* for Home Rule.

Have you written anything while you have been away?

Absolutely nothing, said Mr. Grant Allen. For eight months I have been solely occupied in regaining my health. But now I am once more buckling to work again.

Current Criticism

THE LITERARY BATH.—There is perhaps no feature more distinctive of the novel of to-day, as distinguished from that of the past, or that of even twenty years ago, than the general use of the cold morning bath as a leading incident. King Richard probably had not a single tub with him when he went to Palestine, and even the beaux of the last century do not seem to have paid much attention to their sponge and towel; now, however, no respectable novel can do without it. Ouida's heroes emerge from it splashing like great Newfoundland dogs; in 'Guerndale' they take a unique and entertaining variety of morning bath in a muddy stream in New Mexico; and even Mr. Howells's minister, in his new story, is alleged to have taken a bath before his breakfast. Mr. Howells

having used it, the artistic value of the morning bath is established beyond question; but there are certain considerations in connection with its introduction into literature which should not be lightly passed over. If his morning bath is to be mentioned, it is only fair to the hero to state that he also brushed his hair and put on a clean collar. Otherwise, by mentioning one portion of his morning toilet and passing over the rest without a word, the impression is inevitable that he did not scrub his fingers, or brush his shoes, or even tie his necktie, but just took his bath and then thought that he was good enough to come down and eat his breakfast with respectable people. It is a dangerous omission. What will future generations think of their refined ancestors? They will probably discredit the morning bath altogether, and think that it was introduced as a novel and peculiar event, which never occurred in real life, merely to excite the morbid interest of readers in the unnatural. The fact that Ouida's men do it of course adds to this danger. The literary advantages of the morning bath should not be despised. It is a refreshing subject to read about—in summer. It adds to our interest in the hero. It shows better than a description that he was aristocratic, had lofty instincts, a cultivated and sensitive disposition, and a high sense of honor. But let us not pander to the sensational at the expense of truth. Let us still retain the cold morning bath for our Romeos, but let us no longer slight his less exciting but equally natural shoe-strings and finger-nails.—*Life*.

MISS MARRYAT'S CANDOR.—The particular Tom Tiddler's Ground where Miss Florence Marryat has been picking up gold and silver to her own satisfaction, and we doubt not, also, to that of her hosts, is the United States and the Dominion of Canada. Miss Marryat assures us she was modest about committing her impressions to paper, though if she hadn't told us so herself, modesty is perhaps the very last attribute with which we should ever have thought of coupling her name. A lady who refers complacently to her own 'magnificent arms and bust,' who dwells lovingly upon the enthusiasm she excited in the breasts of archdeacons or New Brunswick farmers, and who finds even colored men 'evidently struck' by her remarkable 'youth, beauty, and innocence,' can hardly be accused by the most severe critic of superabundant reserve. But, indeed, she has no need to feel nervous about the reception of her chatty and amusing reminiscences. . . . Miss Marryat is nervously sensitive about her adopted profession. She goes out of her way, almost as often as Artemas Ward, to assure us that hers is a truly moral show. In all this she doth protest too much: a lady of Miss Marryat's experience, to put it delicately (she refuses point blank to let us know her age), might surely leave her professional and personal reputation without fear to the tender care of an admiring public.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

DR. HOPKINS AND CHURCH UNITY.—At one of the opening sessions of the General Convention in Chicago he introduced a resolution on the subject of Church unity which must have seriously embarrassed the advocates of that movement. It was a declaration that the Protestant Episcopal Church will co-operate with all Christian bodies which use a liturgy, accept the decisions of the General Councils, recognize the threefold ministry and confirmation and use valid forms in the sacraments. Every Protestant body, even the Lutheran Church, would be excluded by this declaration. Dr. Hopkins as one of the leaders of the High Churchmen would restrict all overtures for Church unity that may be made by the Convention to the Roman and Eastern Churches. This declaration, prepared with his usual skill and sagacity, is evidently designed to forestall premature action in favor of Church unity on a Protestant basis. The question of Church unity has been most seriously discussed in many of the dioceses and by the press of this religious body. Memorials recommending positive action by the Convention have received thousands of signatures, and a strong sentiment has been created in favor of making tangible overtures to the Protestant bodies. Dr. Hopkins's resolution, together with the arguments of Western delegates in favor of changing the name of the body from Protestant Episcopal to American Catholic, discloses the opposition that will be encountered by Evangelical and Broad Churchmen if they undertake to make the invitation too elastic and liberal. That any practical results will be accomplished by the debates on this subject is doubtful. The main body of public opinion in that communion is conservative in tone and opposed to premature action on so great a question. English and American Churchmen as a rule are both proud and jealous of their intermediate position in Christendom. They look upon their Churches as standing between the Eastern and Roman Churches on one side and the Protestant bodies on the other, and as invested with the traditional authority of the

one and with the modern sympathies and intelligence of the other. It is improbable that any action will be taken by their representatives in the Convention that will involve a surrender of this intermediate position.—*The Tribune*.

TOURGUËNEFF ON GEORGE SAND.—The following letter from the great Russian novelist Ivan Tourguëneff on the death of George Sand has just been made public:—I had the happiness to possess the personal friendship of George Sand. Please do not take this to mean the usual mere form of words. Whoever could be in the presence of this rare being must count himself happy. . . . When I made the acquaintance of George Sand for the first time, about eight years ago, the enthusiastic admiration had long since vanished which she had once aroused in me. I had already ceased to worship her. But it was impossible to enter the circle of her private life and not reverence her in another, perhaps better, sense. Every one felt at once that he had come into the presence of a boundlessly generous and benevolent nature, in which everything egotistical had long since been utterly burned out in the unquenchable fire of poetic enthusiasm, of belief in the ideal; to which everything human had access, was dear; which radiated sympathy, helpfulness. And over all this a certain unconscious aureole, something high, free, heroic. . . . Believe me, George Sand is one of our saints. You will understand the sense in which I use the word.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

WHEN DOES THE LEISURE CLASS READ?—We have an increasing leisure class. When does it read? Not much in the winter, for the demands of society are too exigent then. For private reading there is no time, and a short-cut to information is sought by means of drawing-room lectures and clubs, which are supposed to give to social life, without interfering with it, a lacquer of culture. In summer it is impossible to read much; what is called the mind needs rest by that time, and the distractions of out-door life in the mountains and by the sea forbid anything but the most desultory skimming of the very lightest products of the press. To be sure, the angel of the Atlantic Ocean sees a row of pretty girls on the coast, seated on rocks or in the sand, all the way from Campo Bello to Cape May, with novels in their hands—one of the most pleasing imitations of intellectual life ever presented to the world. It is perfect when there is breeze enough to turn over the leaves. And the young men—those who are in business, or who are supposed to be getting a more or less 'conditional' education—do they read as much as the young ladies? It is a curious comment on the decay of the reading habit in households, the blank literary condition of the young men who come up to the high-schools and colleges. Is it owing entirely to the modern specialization of knowledge that they usually have read little except their text-books?—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Monthly*.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERS.—Mr. W. M. Rossetti writes to us as follows, under date Sept. 9:—I observe in your columns a statement from 'a correspondent' quoting some passages from a letter written by my old friend the late Mr. Bernhard Smith. The main object of the writer is to show that Mr. Smith was a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, a 'P.R.B.'; and, in confirmation of this statement, an inscription from a copy of Browning's poems is cited, 'To Bernhard Smith, P.R.B., from Gabriel and William Rossetti, P.R.B.'s.' No doubt this inscription must be correctly cited. It certainly proves that my brother and I bestowed upon our friend Smith the name P.R.B.; nevertheless I must deny that he ever was, in the strict sense of the term, a member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The members were seven, not (as now stated) eight—namely, William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Thomas Woolner, James Collinson (misnamed Collins in Mr. Smith's letter—perhaps confounded with Charles Allston Collins), Frederic George Stephens, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and William Michael Rossetti. Collinson after a while seceded, and Walter Howell Deverell was substituted for him; though even he scarcely assumed the precise position of the original members. As to Mr. Bernhard Smith, I remember him well as one of the manliest-moulded and pleasantest of Englishmen—a sculptor and, in a minor sense, a painter; and far be it from me to say anything which could derogate from the kindly reminiscences of old. He had a share in the studio occupied by the sculptor Woolner. From this and other circumstances he was treated with great familiarity by the Pre-Raphaelites, and there was some idea that he would finally be elected into the Brotherhood, and (as the inscription in question shows) my brother and I even addressed him as if he had been thus elected. Mr. Smith must have been totally mistaken in saying that the book thus inscribed was given to him in 1847. In 1847 no such affair as the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood existed in any sort of way; it came into

being in 1848, or even 1849, and I think the acquaintance of my brother and myself with Mr. Smith can hardly have begun before 1850.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Notes

The Independent will soon begin the publication of a series of articles entitled 'Letters on Literature,' by Andrew Lang, written somewhat in the style of the same author's 'Letters to Dead Authors,' and addressed to a 'Mr. Arthur Wincott, of Topeka, Kansas,' to whom Mr. Lang writes his criticisms of the literature 'of the present and of the past, English, American, ancient, or modern.'

—Mrs. John Bigelow has sent to Queen Victoria a volume comprising a collection of poems on her Majesty's Accession, Coronation and marriage, which were published on those occasions in American newspapers and magazines. The Queen has acknowledged the gift in a most gracious letter.

—Messrs. Scribner have issued a catalogue of their books for the young, which includes among its authors Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, F. R. Stockton, Edward Eggleston, Mrs. C. C. Harrison, Howard Pyle, Jules Verne, W. O. Stoddard, and other popular writers.—Arrangements are being made for the issue of a new weekly newspaper in London, which will combine the religious element with certain political and social features. Hodder & Stoughton are to publish it.

—A correspondent of the *Times*, who visited Washington Irving's grave less than a month ago, writes to that journal:—'The grave is intact—as perfect in form as if it had been recently made, and the grass grows over it firmly and green. What is noticeable to the keen observer, however, is the absence of even a clover leaf, as the number on surrounding graves show that they must have been plucked from the grave of the distinguished author. The remains of Washington Irving repose within a plot surrounded by a high and handsome hedge, and here he lies in the midst of his relatives, undistinguished from the kindred dust save by the name written upon the modest stone. The stone has indeed been chipped by curiosity seekers—vandals were a better name; but the statement that "the grave is tramped down flat, a regular footpath cutting through it," is erroneous.'

—J. W. Bouton announces the 'Memoirs of Mme. Blavatsky' as in preparation. The book is edited by A. P. Sinnett from material supplied by members of Mme. Blavatsky's family and her intimate friends. Mr. Bouton has just issued his first catalogue since his financial troubles culminated; there is apparently no falling off in the quality of his new and second-hand books.

—A report of the debate on the Andover theory of a possible future probation, at the recent meeting of the American Board at Des Moines, will be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

—Mr. Appleton Morgan is to edit a new edition of Shakspeare's plays, to be called the Bankside Edition, which will be printed at the Riverside Press for the Shakspeare Society of New York. It will consist of an arrangement of the earliest known text, printed in parallel pages with the 1623 Heminges and Condell text.

—Cupples, Upham & Co., announce 'Two Comedies,' by Dr. F. Donaldson, Jr., of Baltimore, and 'The Imitators,' a satire, in verse, upon Boston, by a Bostonian.

—Zola's new book is to be a study of the life of railway employés in France. It will appear in *Gil Blas* as a *feuilleton* before being published in book form.—A Life of Tourguéneff, extending to three large volumes, says *The Athenæum*, has been written in German by Dr. R. Lewenfeldt, of the University of Breslau, editor of *Nord und Süd*. A Russian edition of the work is to be published shortly in St. Petersburg.

—Page 381 of *The Youth's Companion* of October 7th might be called a posthumous page, its contents being 'Personal Anecdotes of John Marshall,' by John Esten Cooke, and a paper by Mrs. Jackson on the half-century-old town of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

—The Rev. Edward Hale, who has been installed as pastoral assistant to the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston, is not in any way related to the latter. Dr. Hale has a son, bearing his name, who has been his editorial assistant on *Lend a Hand*; but he is not a clergyman. Mr. Edward E. Hale, Jr., is now an Assistant Professor in the English Department in Cornell University.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day: 'Well-Worn Roads in Spain, Holland and Italy; or, The Travels of a Painter in Search of the Picturesque,' containing sixteen full-page photographs and many smaller pen-and-ink sketches by F. Hopkinson Smith; with descriptive letter-press by the artist; 'The Silver

Bridge, and other Poems,' by Elizabeth Akers; a new and complete edition of the 'Essays and Poems' of Jones Very, with a phototype portrait, an Introduction by Dr. Bartol, and a Memoir by Dr. James Freeman Clarke; a new edition of 'The Children's Book,' edited by Horace E. Scudder; and, in the Riverside Pocket Series, Mr. Lathrop's 'Study of Hawthorne.'

The Free Parliament

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1202.—What was the line, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, written with a diamond on a pane of glass where the Queen could see it; and what was her reply?

HAMPTON, VA.

H. W.

[Raleigh wrote: 'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.' The Queen wrote: 'If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all.']

ANSWERS.

No. 1193.—1. A compositor is doubtless responsible for the error of ascribing 'Ginx's Baby' to E. Perkins instead of E. Jenkins.

NEW YORK.

W. R. J.

No. 1193.—1. Surely the editors nod in ascribing 'Ginx's Baby' to E. Perkins instead of Edward Jenkins—an English lawyer and author, born in India in 1838, educated in Canada and Pennsylvania, and who has also written 'Little Hodge,' 'Lord Bantam,' 'The Coolie,' etc.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, TAUNTON, MASS.

E. C. A.

No. 1193.—2. The net price of Col. Higginson's 'Young Folks' History of the United States' is \$1.20.

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

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| Abbot, Willis J. Blue Jackets of '61. \$3.00..... | Dodd, Mead & Co. |
| Ashton, John. Romances of Chivalry. \$5.00..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Baird, Henry M. The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre. 2 Vols. \$5.00..... | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Brooks, E. S. Chivalric Days. \$2.00..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Brydges, Harold. A Fortnight in Heaven. \$1.25..... | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Bunyan, John. Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners. 10c..... | Cassell & Co. |
| Coburn-Biddle, Life and Services of John B. Dillon. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merritt & Co. | |
| Cook, Joseph. Orient. \$1.50..... | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Cunningham, J. A. Light on the Mysteries of Nature and the Bible. Cincinnati: Standard Pub. Co. | |
| Cyr, Ellen M. The Inter-State Primer and First Reader. Chicago: Inter-State Pub. Co. | |
| Discussions of the Inter-Denominational Congress. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. | |
| Donaldson, S. J. A Decalogue for the Nursery. Boston: Otis Clapp & Co. | |
| Forrest, R. E. The Touchstone of Peril. 20c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Frank Leslie's Chatter Book for 1887. \$1.00..... | Mrs. Frank Leslie. |
| Gerhard, W. P. The Prevention of Fire. 60c..... | W. P. Gerhard. |
| Good Reading for School and Home. 60c..... | Leach, Shewell & Sanborn. |
| Guernsey, Alice M. Skeleton Lessons in Physiology and Hygiene. Chicago: Inter-State Pub. Co. | |
| Howe, D. W. Laws and Courts of N. W. and Indian Territories. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merritt & Co. | |
| Life's Good Things. Third Series. \$2.50..... | White, Stokes & Allen. |
| Life's Verse. Second Series. \$1.50..... | White, Stokes & Allen. |
| Lindau, Paul. Klaus Bower's Wife. From the German by Clara S. Fleishman. \$1.00..... | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Macquoid, K. S. John Wentworth. 25c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Mallock, W. H. The Old Order Changes. \$1.00..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Meade, T. L. A World of Girls. \$1.50..... | Cassell & Co. |
| Mitchell, J. A. The Romance of the Moon. \$1.00..... | Henry Holt & Co. |
| Murray, T. J. The Book of Entrées. 50c..... | White, Stokes & Allen. |
| Newcomb, Simon. A Plain Man's Talk on the Labor Question. 50c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Optic, Oliver. All Taut; or, Rigging the Boat. \$1.25..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Otis, James. Silent Pete; or, The Stowaways. 50c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Peters, W. T. The Children of the Week. \$2.50..... | Dodd, Mead & Co. |
| Picard, George H. Old Boniface. \$1.50..... | White, Stokes & Allen. |
| Safford, Mary J. The Christmas Country and Other Tales. \$1.50..... | Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. |
| Scott, Sir Walter. The Lay of the Last Minstrel. \$6.00..... | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Shakspeare's Hamlet. Arranged for the stage by Wilson Barrett. 15c..... | Chicago: Dramatic Pub. Co. |
| Shoppell, R. W. Modern Houses. \$1.00..... | Co-Operative Building Plan Association. |
| Stockton, Frank R. The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshrine. 50c..... | The Century Co. |
| Symington, Maggie. The King's Command. \$1.50..... | Cassell & Co. |
| Tennyson, Alfred. Dora. \$1.50..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Thayer, Joseph H. A Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament. Harper & Bros. | |
| The Terrace of Mon Désir. A Novel of Russian Life. \$1.25..... | Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. |
| Thwing, Charles F. and Carrie F. The Family: An Historical and Social Study. \$2.00..... | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Townsend, Virginia F. A Boston Girl's Ambition. \$1.50..... | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Virginia Campaign of Gen. Pope in 1862. With maps. \$3.50..... | B. Westerman & Co. |
| Von Wildenbruch, Ernst. The Master of Tanagra. 50c..... | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Warner, C. D. In the Wilderness. 50c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Woolson, Constance F. Castle Nowhere. 50c..... | Harper & Brothers. |
| Wright, Henrietta C. Children's Stories of American Progress. \$1.50..... | Charles Scribner's Sons. |